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Poetry.

Original.

BE CHEERFUL AND GLAD.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

Be cheerful and glad,
And never look sad;
With a smile dash each tear-drop away;
Keep trusting and praying;
Love's Law e'er obeying,
And Grief's Night shall give place to broad Day.

Sink not in despair,
Though a burden of care
To thy lot seems mysteriously given;
Hope on—and keep praying,
No duty delaying,
There's a purpose in all from kind heaven.

O, never give up!
The grief-mingled cup
Thou art drinking, came from a kind hand;
Hope on—and keep praying,
Each duty obeying—
Of it all thou shalt yet understand.

Ah yes, by and by,
We all shall know why
The shadows came o'er us of sorrow;
Keep hoping and praying,
Love's Law e'er obeying,
And the shadows shall flee on the morrow.

O, keep a whole heart,
Enduring the smart
Of each ill, near the fountain of Grace;

Still trusting and praying,
While here we are staying—
To suffer, is the lot of our race.

Be hopeful and pure,
And you then may endure
With a heart firm as oak, every sorrow;
Work away—and keep praying,
No duty delaying,
And the sun will be brighter to-morrow.

O'er thy heart it shall beam,
Like a heavenly gleam
From the face of thy Father on high.
Watch, watch—and keep praying,
Love's Law yet obeying;
We all shall get home by and by!

Be cheerful and glad,
And never look sad;
There's a meaning of good in each sorrow;
Trust on—and keep praying,
Each duty obeying,
And be sure that no troubles you borrow.
Eden Place, July, 1849.

"I PITY YOU TWO DOLLAR."

A beggar, crippled, starved and blind,
Rehearsed his doleful story
To half a score of auditors,
Who all looked vastly sorry.
Some pitied much, some very much,
Some very much indeed!
But not one cent did they bestow
To help the man of need.
At length a Frenchman forward stepp'd
In pity half, half choler,
And emptying his purse—"By gare!
I pity you TWO DOLLAR!"

IT RUNS BOTH HIGH AND LOW.—There is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one who is jealous of him!—
Punch.

Why is Daniel Webster like a retired blacksmith? Cos he's an *Ex-pounder*.
What sort of a *drum* is that which is best when it cannot be beaten? Why a *conundrum*.

Why is a healthy Indian like a scholar?—Because he is a well read (red) man.

Tales.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY S. M. HUMPHERY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Louisa evidently made a favorable impression on the mind of Sir Edward, which Emily could not help perceiving; and she half resolved to let pride alone, love her for what she was, and independently brave public opinion. But alas! pride had gained too strong a hold upon her heart, and during the reception of morning callers, she found herself as much annoyed as on the previous day.

Immediately after dinner, she took the arm of Louisa, and drawing her away, she said,

"Come, let us go to the dressing room and prepare for evening."

"You don't mean for me to prepare," said Louisa, eyeing herself with a look of satisfaction; "I have got on my best, and I am sure I look pretty;" and she placed herself before the mirror. "Did not you see that young fellow that walked with us, stare at me? I know he was pleased."

"You look well for the country, but city people dress differently, and when you are with them, you should try to imitate them both in dress and manners, lest, by singularity, you might attract too much attention."

"I have no sort of objections to attracting attention," replied Louisa dryly.

"Well, then, to please me, will you not allow the dressing maid to fix your hair a little more like mine?" implored Emily.

"Just as you please; but then, if it should not be becoming, it must be refitted, and all that trouble will have been for nothing."

"Never mind the trouble, and I well know you will be satisfied."

As the maid removed the comb, and unbound her shining tresses, Emily gazed with astonishment, ever and anon exclaiming,

"What a pity, to confine such splendid hair!—only look, Celia, did you ever see anything one half so beautiful?" and beautiful indeed did she look to the delighted Emily, when its arrangement was tastefully completed.

"Ay, now," said Emily, "you look sweetly,"

and with an air of condescension, she for the first time kissed her, adding, "I shall be quite proud of you;" and then, as if a new idea had occurred to her, although in reality she had been pondering it all the morning, she exclaimed, "O, Celia! if we could only dress alike, and, indeed we can, for there are my two blue dresses, exactly alike, only one is silk and the other cashmere. Go bring them immediately. 'Tis quite a romantic idea!"

As Celia departed, Louisa, who had been twisting her head before the mirror, turned and in a dissatisfied voice said,

"What a botch Celia has made of my hair! I did not like to say it to her, for she took such pains, but I've no notion of wearing it, not I."

In vain Emily expostulated; with provoking gravity, and quite a show of impatience she gathered it up in its former style, mounted her big comb and artificial curls, and arranged the fillet and bow.

"There now," said she, "don't you think it looks better, and far more becoming?"

"I am sure it does not," scornfully replied Emily while the tears of vexation filled her eyes.

"It is ridiculous in the extreme—nothing like style about it."

"Who cares for style!" said Louisa, contemptuously, "nobody but city folks, who cover their faces with hair till they look like monkeys, cramp up their feet, squeeze their insides out, tie a hump of cotton wool upon their backs, and then, because it's fashionable, think they look first rate, and really despise a lady from the country, who has sufficient independence to wear what best becomes her, without regard to the fashions."

Convinced how vain her attempts at modernizing were, Emily cast an angry look at her, and left the room, shutting the door violently.

"I do believe, dear uncle," said Louisa, as she encountered him in the garden, "that Emily is sufficiently punished. She is really very unhappy at my obstinacy, and my heart aches with pity, even while I torment her. I have forgiven her a thousand times for the few tears her thoughtless remarks occasioned me."

"I appreciate the generosity of your motives," replied her uncle, "but this fault has gained too strong a hold upon Emily, to be easily overcome. If I can but reclaim her from the influence of those silly Wilmots I shall be satisfied. I know it is painful to you, as to me, but if you will bear a little longer, she must come to her senses."

In half an hour after this conversation, Mr. Howard, Emily and Louisa were started on a shopping expedition; Emily fully determined to recognize none of her fashionable friends, if so unfortunate as to meet them; her position was very much like that of a young child, who sometimes shuts his eyes thinking by so doing he screens himself from observation.

"O, papa!" cried she earnestly, as they stopped before a spacious and elegant store, "this is no place for us."

"And why not, my daughter? Have I not often heard you say that you preferred it to any in the city—that Mr. Courtland and his clerks were gentleman-like and accommo-

dating,—and do you not generally trade here?"

The fact was, Mr. Courtland, who was indeed a finished gentleman, had been charmed with the beauty of Emily, not less than her well filled purse, and always foremost in welcoming her, had delicately bestowed on her many of those flattering attentions, so pleasing to the heart of woman.

As the party entered, Emily slunk behind her father; but Louisa pulled her sleeve, saying,

"Only look, dear cousin Emily! what lots of pretty things! Not much like the stores up where I live, I can tell you;—why, there they have pork, cheese, corn, molasses, and cod-fish, besides their calicoes, tapes, needles, and what not; don't they uncle Charles? But this is a much prettier way, all calicoes and furbelows. What an elegant lamp! well, I never!" and she closely inspected the chandelier—"why, it is really worth twenty-five cents, to come here, if it's only to look at the pretty things."

"Good evening, Miss Howard," said Mr. Courtland, bowing politely, and effecting not to note her embarrassment; "are there any goods that I can show you this evening?"

"No, she don't want any," replied Louisa, stepping forward, "but I'd like to buy a new gown."

The remarks of a country rustic were not entirely new to the dealer, and experience had taught self-command; so without changing countenance, though he secretly wondered that the fashionable Emily Howard should have so vulgar a relation, he courteously asked—

"What shall I show you madam? silks, de laines—"

"Calico, first-rate, handsome calico," interrupted Louisa.

"I would like to look at your nice prints," chimed in the affected voice of a fashionably attired young lady, languishingly seating herself on a stool by the side of Louisa, and ungloving her delicate hand.

The prints were produced, with the usual commendation of the shop-keepers, such as new styles, elegant patterns, fast colors, unexceptionable prints, &c., addressed alternately to the two inspectors.

"Prints! prints!" said Louisa; "I asked for calico."

"This is the article madam," gravely replied Mr. Courtland.

"Well, that's a funny name for calico; but these are not half lively enough; why they look like an old faded wash gown, and would do better for my grandmother, than for a young girl like me. I like your real dashy calico, or prints as you call um."

The young lady cast a scornful look upon the speaker, and gathered her wide spread, costly garments about her, as if she feared contamination.

"Look here, cousin Emily," continued Louisa, "do tell me what to buy."

"Assist your cousin in a choice," said Mr. Howard; and Emily, who had purposely kept at a distance, was forced to approach.

At the sound of Mr. Howard's voice, the lady on the stool had raised her eyes, and immediately discovered her to be the before-mentioned Mr. Wilmot's eldest daughter, and one of her particular friends. With a formal

bow for Mr. Howard, and a chilling smile for Emily, she turned to Mr. Courtland with—"I see nothing that quite pleases me," and then minced out of the store.

"O look Emily!" said Louisa, following her with her eyes; "what a widdle-waddle piece of work that girl makes of walking."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, smiling, "that is what they call graceful."

"Just about as graceful as our old ducks. You city folks know nothing of grace. I only wish you could see Mary Lee, the milk-maid trip along; that's all grace—grace without effort—perfectly *natral* too."

But it will not do for me to be thus minute, lest I might weary my readers. Each succeeding day brought new trials and mortifications to Emily, and it appeared to her as if her father's house had never been so thronged with the fashion of the city.

Sir Edward Walton spent much time with them, and it was rumored that he was paying his addresses to Miss Howard. In vain did she look for the confirmation of the report.—She was certain he was deeply interested in her, and it is no less certain that for his sake she would have renounced an absent, but not less worthy lover—not that she loved Sir Edward better, but then, he was the son of a marquis, and above all, one whom the high-headed Wilmot's were aspiring, or rather maneuvering to captivate. But alas! for their schemes; Sir Edward was not one to be entrapped by art, since his travels in foreign countries, and the knowledge of the fashionable world, had sickened him of intriguing mammas or affected misses. True, he was charmed with Emily's beauty and accomplishments; and had she appeared a little, or rather much more naturally, there is no telling what might have happened. As it was, he had never once thought of marrying her. So fastidious was he, that his most intimate friends, already accounted him a bachelor; and he, despite of his domestic tastes, and admiration of woman, sometimes feared lest he should never find the beau ideal of his imagination, in which case he would most assuredly fulfil his friend's prediction.

The anniversary of Emily's birth-day was fast approaching, and sincerely did she hope that Louisa's visit would be completed before its arrival. Alas! the day came round, and Louisa was still there. In the early part of the day she had occasion to go to Emily's room, where she found her reclining on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Why, dear Emily!" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

Emily rudely pushed her away, saying, "Leave me alone; I am so tired and unhappy, I do not wish to see you."

"Tired and unhappy! and on your birth-day to!" interrupted Louisa, compassionately; "is there nothing I can do to relieve you?"

"If you could, you would not," said Emily pettishly, "you are so obstinate."

Louisa was grieved, but not offended; and in tones of earnestness she sought to assure Emily of her mistake.

"Well, then, supposing I tell you that you are the cause of my trouble."

"I the cause of your trouble! Why Emily, what on earth can you mean?"

"But you will be angry, and will go to papa with it."

"Indeed I will not. Who ever saw me angry?"

"Well, then, I am weeping simply because—because—my friends who come to celebrate this day will laugh at your—your old dress."

"But why cry for that? they can't make me cry; I don't care for *um* one cent."

"But you and I differ; and to know that my cousin must be laughed at, will make me miserable all day long."

"O, cousin, what a strangely disinterested girl you are;—but it shows how dearly you love me; and since it is your birth-day, you shall have your own way, and I will promise to do everything just as you tell me."

That same night a large and select company was assembled in the splendidly illuminated halls of Mr. Howard. Sir Edward Walton was seated between the two Misses Wilmots, when he remarked—

"I really hope that rustic cousin will be here, it will be so amusing to see her manœuver.—And Emily, too—why, she turned nineteen different colors when I happened to meet them at Courtland's. How hard they tried to be genteel, but it's of no use, if they allow such vulgar visitors. Why, one such encounter must convince every well-bred person of their low origin. I know of several who would have dropped them long ago, but the silly things gave such splendid parties."

At that moment, Emily, who had spent many hours in dressing and drilling her cousin, presented her to her guests.

"What a charming woman!" said Sir Edward; "but bless me! 'tis the country girl, metamorphosed truly. How sweetly she looks in that simple white muslin, and that white rose in her beautiful hair!"

Louisa tried, (or appeared to try) to make her entrances as she had been instructed, but after two or three awkward attempts, she sunk into the empty chair, saying despairingly—"There, I can't do it Emily, and it's of no use to try."

A half suppressed titter ran through the apartment, and all eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her—Sir Edward's in pity and admiration; for he saw, or imagined he saw, a painful blush o'erspread her cheek at her awkward situation.

"I thought you told me she was a gawky-looking country girl," said the younger Miss Wilmot, to her sister.

"And so she is, only Emily has been seeking to disguise the facts, by rigging her up in her cast-off clothes. How disgusting! But then what is the use—she has shown out so soon?"

"Why don't you play something or other?" asked Louisa. "Why, up where I live—there 'tis again,—pardon me, Emily, I forgot I was not to name the country; I only meant it was dreadful dull here, sitting stock still, and staring at one another. It's what I call a Quaker meeting, *jist* no celebration at all."

"Why Louisa," said Mr. Howard, "our friends are enjoying conversation."

"Well, then, I should think they would talk loud enough so I can hear them, for I really begin to think those two girls there (pointing to the Wilmots) are poking fun at me. If I'd worn my big *ilagant* comb, what cost my mother twelve dollars, and my striped gown, I should have been expected to have been laughed at, for Emily here told me so; but now I don't see what you find, being as how I am

dressed as fashionable as any *on* you, though, to be sure, I look a deal prettier in my own clothes. But there, 'tis; I love my cousin, and I guess you'd thought she loved me to, if you'd seen how she cried and took on, for fear I'd get laughed at; and so I told her to rig me up as she pleased, though I could hardly keep from crying, too, think how queer I should look."

At this moment, Sir Edward, who really pitied Emily, who sat like a statue, proposed music, and prevailed on a young lady, whom he knew to be well skilled, to take her seat at the piano.

After the conclusion of her admirable performance, Miss Wilmot was invited, who replied in Latin—"Take away that country nuisance, and I will."

"I will withdraw, and save him the trouble," said Louisa in the same tongue.

Miss Wilmot started and reddened; while Edward, almost confounded, gazed alternately at the two.

"Please gentle lady, be a little more careful in future," said Louisa dryly; "some apples are green when ripe."

Quite discomfited, Miss Wilmot seated herself, and wishing to show off, attempted a very beautiful, but difficult Italian piece, but not having practiced sufficiently, and feeling a little disordered at what had passed, she failed utterly.

"Now," thought Louisa, "is my turn;" and stepping gaily forward, with a musical laugh, she resumed the seat which Miss Wilmot had left. As her lovely fingers swept the notes, every lover of music gathered around her, and when, without apparent effort, she had successfully completed the music on which the now mortified Miss Wilmot had failed, every voice was earnest in entreating her to continue.

"What a mysterious angel she is?" thought Sir Edward, as he viewed her with rapturous devotion: "what grace of form, and movement! what splendid hair! and above all, what accomplishments! I half—yes, quite—suspect her of a plot! Ah, yes, I have it now—she is no rustic but more than a match for the finest lady here."

At that moment she sang to a plaintive air with her mellow touching voice, and Sir Edward was completely subdued; not that excellent music was a new thing to him, by any means—but the conquering little god had aimed a successful dart, that's it.

"Do not again assume your rustic manners," said Mr. Howard to Louisa, as she affected a polite escape from the importunities of her admirers; "for by this time Emily understands it all, and I am sure is quite disgusted with the Wilmots."

While they were speaking, the smiling Emily advanced, and shaking her finger at Louisa, said—

"You are caught at last, my precious cousin!—When you perform your next comedy, I advise you to take the stage, as I have no taste for such cruel theatricals. Do see those insulting Wilmots—how mortified they are.—You served them right—and the noble Sir Edward Walton is, I am sure, in love with their country nuisance. O, charming, charming! now they will have a chance to envy instead of despise. But here he comes laughing right merrily."

"A truly delightful comedy, Miss Dalton,"

said he; "but I like the closing scene best, and Miss Howard, judging from your happy face, our tastes are not entirely dissimilar."

"And only think Sir Edward!" exclaimed Emily, "how cruel to keep me in ignorance of the plot, even my own tender-hearted papa all the time enjoying my mortification—indeed I suspect him of conspiracy. But there it is; I half conceive their motives, and I must feign a cure, for fear of another bitter dose. O Louisa! that *ilegant cheer and pienney*!"

By this time the whole company had learned that the country rustic was an assumed part, and were fast and loud in their expressions of admiration of her superior grace and beauty. Some laughingly repeated—"There, Emily, I can't do it, and it's no use to try;" others—"some apples are green when ripe;" and others still—"take away the country nuisance."

Some praised her well-spoken Latin, others her Italian performance, while peals of merry laughter reverberated through the apartments. The humiliated Wilmots, whose insulting remarks had not been at all private, now saw themselves objects of ridicule, and as early as possible made their escape.

The remainder of the evening was delightful to all parties, especially to Sir Edward, who bestowed an almost individual attention upon Louisa, becoming more and more pleased with her grace and manners and conversation, so entirely devoid of the artificial. Emily felt no pang of envy at this monopoly, but rather triumphed in her cousin's success—ever and anon whispering to her happy father, "what a sweetly matched couple—how admirably adapted—how intelligent and how happy they look the invincible Sir Edward is conquered at last—O, charming, charming!" her favorite expression of delight.

After the conclusion of the festivities, she assured her father and cousin that this had been the most joyous birth-day anniversary she had ever known. The tears of mourning, like showers in April, had been chased away by the beaming sun of happiness, and had left no impress.

On the following day she read with delight, a letter from her before mentioned absent lover, containing intelligence of the success of his expedition, and a promise of speedy return, and withal, couched in such winning, affectionate terms as to awaken the slumbering yet not extinguished flame in her heart. Long she wept over her past ingratitude, in having well nigh forgotten one, who, for her sake, had forsaken home and friends, and nobly braved the perils of the ocean, and dangers of a sickly foreign clime, in order to render his fortune equal to her own, since his lofty soul shrunk from despondency, and burned with impatience to distinguish himself from the groveling fortune hunters, who ever beset a beautiful heiress—and such was Emily Howard.

And here we leave such minute details, and trust to the imagination of the reader to portray the joyous return, the two happy bridal which followed, the transport of the parents, the travels on the continent, the still increasing affection of Sir Edward for his charming bride, and her flattering reception by his English friends; and, above all, the entire reform of the now happy Emily, and the delightful seasons passed by the parties in pleasant, and often laughable reminiscences, among the quiet groves of Mr. Dalton's sweet country home.

Biography.

Original.

LOUIS KOSSUTH,
AND THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

Of all the remarkable men who have figured in the world's history, none seems more to challenge our admiration than the present ruler of Hungary. We have looked wonderingly on the terrible agitations of the old world, in expectation that some master spirit would spring from its chaos with power to marshal its elements again into order—but order which should give to humanity its long denied rights, and consign to destruction the fearful and blasphemous systems of government, which have so long bound its energies and crushed its struggling spirit to the earth.

From such a movement as that which has for eighteen months convulsed nearly all Europe, we had a right to hope great things.—It is no longer a war of rival sovereigns, for the aggrandizement of their realms, but the rising of a down-trodden PEOPLE upon a system of tyranny, hoary with the accumulated iniquity of ages. The great truth which lies at the foundation of the American Declaration of Independence, has at last penetrated the heart of Europe. Men begin to arouse as from a slumber of centuries, to the startling conviction that they are men; degraded, deformed, imperfect, to be sure, but still, MEN. Frenchman, Italian, Hungarian and Russian—all are moved with the divine impulse.

The master-spirit, whom we look for—the political Messiah, for whose advent we have watched with such hopeful spirits—must not, then, be a Napoleon—superior as he is, even, to most of those whom the world calls heroes. No; the strong manhood of the nineteenth century must produce an heir worthy its genius. We want no more men of giant intellect, but dwarfish virtue; of selfishness commensurate with almost superhuman powers of conquest. We have a right to look for those of another stamp; men, of whom the very existences of Washington and Napoleon, were but living prophecies.—Even Washington—and I speak with reverence—could but illy stem the tide rolled down upon the cause of freedom by the combined despots of Europe. The man who does that, must have all of his inflexibility of purpose and virtue—his serenity of soul—his abiding faith in Heaven and his cause, and a power, besides, which he never possessed, of moving men's souls to instantaneous action, and meeting every reverse with ready and inexhaustible resources.

Such a man, many believe, is Louis Kossuth.

Whether this be indeed so, we can learn only from the future. But whether it be or not, enough has already been done to win for him the admiration of all men who believe genius, joined with virtue, a type of God.

Louis Kossuth was born on the 27th of April, 1806, in a small village of North Hungary. His family were of Slavonian origin, of noble descent, but ruined fortunes. His father was the steward of another nobleman in more fortunate circumstances, and quite unable to sustain his son at the University of

Pesth, where he commenced his studies. The latter, however, found friends, who not only enabled him to finish his course, but continued afterwards to assist him.

For several years, he followed the profession of Law, at Presburg, but deriving his principal support from the services, as Secretary, which he rendered those who had previously befriended him. But, judging from circumstances, he would seem never to have made much exertion as a lawyer. He probably detected the injustice of the system he had studied, and preferred to reform it, rather than batten on its spoils; for we early hear of his growing influence, not as a successful lawyer, but as an organizer of young men's societies, for the agitation of political questions, and an earnest advocate of freedom.

It will be necessary, here, to give a brief sketch of the causes which have led to the present war between Hungary and Austria.

The kingdom of Hungary was established by a race of men who emigrated from the plains of Mongolia, passing to the north of the Black Sea, and settling in the southern part of Europe. These were the ancestors of the Magyars, who constitute the nobility of Hungary, as the descendants of the Normans do, principally, that of England. But, unlike the Normans, they appear to have been the most generous of masters, relinquishing, as they have recently done, many advantages which other men would cling to. Several generations after this emigration, another followed, from the same race; this, however, passed farther south, crossed the Bosphorus, and overturned the feeble throne of the Eastern Roman Empire. The Magyars were converted to Christianity, as the Turks to Islamism, and the cognate races henceforth became foes. The Hungarians became the bulwark of Christendom, and effectually defended it from the attacks of the Moslem conquerors.

Thus, Hungary became one of the most important European powers. Their government was one of the best, the monarchy being elective; the election being, however, generally a matter of form when the last monarch left direct heirs.

In 1526, Ludovic, king of Hungary and Bohemia, fell in the disastrous battle fought with the Turks at Mohacs, leaving no heirs.—His father, Charles Robert, king of Bohemia, had been elected to the Hungarian throne under similar circumstances as now occurred, thus uniting the two crowns.

The Magnates found themselves under the necessity of again selecting a king from a neighboring nation. Anne, sister of Ludovic, had married Ferdinand, brother of Charles V. of Germany. Considerations of policy prevailed over their natural antipathy to Austria, and Ferdinand was elected king of Hungary, and afterwards of Bohemia; in each case taking a separate oath, and swearing to maintain the Constitution.

In 1556, Charles V. abdicated the throne of the Germanic Empire in favor of Ferdinand, who immediately assumed its government.—Two years afterwards, this choice was ratified by the German Electoral Princes, at Frankfurt; he taking a formal oath, as had been done in Hungary and Bohemia. Thus were these separate sovereignties united in the same person. The heirs continued to be

elected to the three monarchies, till 1687, when the States of Hungary decreed that the throne should thereafter be hereditary in the male heirs of the house of Hapsburg—that being the house to which the reigning family belonged; and in 1723, this right was also extended to the female heirs. Still, the crown of Hungary had no dependence on that of Austria, and the sovereign bore different titles in each monarchy; as, for instance, Ferdinand I. Emperor of Austria, who was also Ferdinand V. king of Hungary.

But it soon became evident that Austria wished to reduce Hungary to the rank of a province. No difficulties, however, occurred for many generations; the Hungarians opposed the Austrian usurpations, but never failed to assist the sovereign in the hour of need.—Maria Theresa, when menaced by a formidable and unjust combination of hostile powers, had thrown herself into the arms of Hungary, and been saved. Notwithstanding these evidences of magnanimity and good faith, it was the constant aim of Austria to extract from Hungary all that was possible of men and money, and grant little in return.

At last, these usurpations became intolerable. When the monarch boldly violated the Constitution—when he refused to call together the Diet, according to its provisions—when he attempted to substitute arbitrary edicts in place of just laws—when he suppressed national institutions and languages, and strove to reduce all to the Austrian standard—when he demanded money and levied conscriptions in the tone of an absolute monarch, refusing to account for the expenditure of the former—when he refused to grant wholesome reforms, and gave indisputable evidence of bad faith in his government—when he fomented intrigues in her councils, and instituted the most vigorous persecutions against her purest patriots—when all this had been borne till the hope of justice vanished in despair—then, and not till then, did “the murmurs at Presburg become loud enough to cause alarm at Vienna.”

Having thus glanced at the general causes of the war, we will return to the person who is more immediately the subject of this article.

In 1835, when the opposition to Austrian oppression became very strong in the Hungarian Diet, (which met at Presburg) Kossuth, whose efforts in the clubs had made him somewhat distinguished, was selected as the editor of a new opposition paper. Though the Hungarian Constitution established in 1222, recognized no principle which could justify a censorship of the press, yet, the Austrian Government had for the last forty years, exercised a most severe one.

This was accomplished, not by any legal process, but by thrusting the authors of obnoxious articles secretly into prison. Full reports of the proceedings of the Diet had never been allowed, for fear of the influence which might be exerted by a knowledge of those abuses which were there frequently exposed. This restriction, Kossuth evaded.—Having learned stenography, he reported the legislative proceedings fully, and published them in his paper. But, rather than submit his paper to the criticism of the illegal and bigoted censors, he undertook the immense labor of issuing it in manuscript. A great

number of persons were employed to copy, and it was sent out in letter form, to all parts of the kingdom.

The government was at first embarrassed by this novel proceeding, and scarcely knew how to counteract it. But their habitual treachery and cunning were not long at a loss. The postmasters had orders to dispose of the dangerous missives before they reached their destination.

This expedient, however, soon became known, and the letters were no longer trusted to the post, but distributed to subscribers by the local authorities of the counties, who, of course, were Hungarians. The county in which the paper was published, even authorized publicly, its circulation, in spite of the government. The latter again resorted to violence. The Emperor suddenly closed the sitting of the Diet, May 2d, 1836, and immediately after, six persons disappeared—all leaders of the opposition party. Among these was Kossuth. For three years, the public was entirely ignorant of their fate, suspecting it, but without proof.

In 1839, they again appeared, not knowing, themselves, where they had been. Secretly seized and blindfolded, they had been conveyed to damp, filthy dungeons, where they remained till their liberation. This is said to have been caused by the influence of certain powerful and friendly Magnates, assisted by a strong public opinion, which terrified the Ministry. But that three years had not failed to do its work. Of the six men, one was blind, another crazed, and the rest dangerously ill. Kossuth's strong constitution, though so shattered that he will find a premature grave, still enabled him to sustain the imprisonment better than any of his companions.

This persecution re-acted on its movers.—Kossuth, in addition to being a man of the people, was now a martyr. He became unbouedly popular. Within a year, he was established as editor of the *Pesth Gazette*, (*Pesti Hirlap*) which he conducted with tremendous power. Its influence was felt every where. The articles were bold, lucid, and unsparing in denunciation of political wrongs. The Hungarian language, in which it was printed, began rapidly to prevail. Peasants learned to read, expressly for the purpose of perusing it. Published, as it was, daily, at the low price of four florins (\$1.62 1-2 cents) a year, the circulation became enormous.—In July, 1840, the subscribers numbered 569; before the end of the year, they had increased to 11,000.

Its effect upon the administration of law was happy. Abuses were reformed. But to government, it was an object of great dread. The censorship of the press was arrogated at Presburg, on the plea that the proceedings of the Diet should not be fully reported; at Pesth, there was not even this ground for it. Government was again puzzled; but again they cut the knot they could not untie, and bought up the proprietor of the *Gazette*, who, in 1843, discharged Kossuth, and employed a more convenient editor.

He then turned his attention to internal improvements. The country was very deficient in roads and bridges. The policy of Austria had always been to make the Hungarians dependent upon herself for all articles of manufacture. Tax laws were framed to this end.—

Kossuth founded a Protective Union for the encouragement of manufactures.

In six months, more than half the nation became members of this society, and pledged to wear only articles of domestic manufacture. Factories were immediately established.—Noble ladies exchanged their foreign silks for coarse Hungarian cottons. The enthusiasm was general, and it became necessary for Metternich to dissolve this Union. This, by intrigue, he at last contrived to effect.

Kossuth still prosecuted his schemes of internal improvement. He projected a free harbor for Fiume, on the Adriatic, the only Hungarian seaport, and a railway to connect it with the Danube, at Pesth. This was to be followed by a Navy. The people seized the idea with eagerness. But he was prevented from executing these designs, by the machinations of the Austrian Cabinet.

In 1847, he was elected to the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet. It assembled at Presburg on the 11th of November. Here, we can easily detect his presence by the decisions of this body for the next three months. We will enumerate some of these.

The peasantry, before attached to the soil, were made free to change their place of abode.

The hereditary tenure of landed property, by which the owners, as in England, are often unable to sell it, was abolished.

The tithe tax was abolished, and a fixed compensation substituted.

Strangers were permitted to settle in the country.

Nobles were no longer exempt from taxation.

The Jews were emancipated,

The Croats were allowed to use their own language in the administration of their interior affairs.

Eight millions were set apart to encourage domestic manufactures.

And, most important of all, Kossuth, on the 22d February, 1848, used this language in the Diet:—

"For 600 years we have been a Constitutional State; we wish, therefore, to have ministers sit on these benches and answer our questions. *From this day forth, we wish to have a Hungarian Ministry.*"

This sentiment was adopted by the nation.

All these movements, it must be remembered, occurred prior to the French Revolution, and cannot be imputed to its influence. They, like that, were legitimate fruits of the Age. We trace their origin to the dissemination of liberal ideas, principally through the press. These ideas seemed to have become concentrated in Kossuth, and flashed forth, in his patriotic and eloquent addresses, with a brilliancy that astonished, while it illuminated, the arousing mind of his country.

Five days after this declaration in the Diet, came the stirring news of the French Revolution. Kossuth was made chief of a delegation to demand from the Austrian Cabinet a separate ministry.

On the 16th of March, this right was acknowledged. The weak Emperor, trembling at the fires of revolution, which seemed kindling on all sides, granted the request; granted it, as the sequel proves, in bad faith, and intending to secure by treachery, the usurpa-

tions which he could not maintain by force.

The fearless course of Kossuth roused not only the people of Hungary, but those of the Hereditary provinces. Even Vienna was moved, and its movement is a matter of history. With that, we have nothing to do, further than to say, that, had the Viennese accepted the proffered aid of Hungary, at the time of their rising, the sovereignty of Hapsburg might now have been one of the things that were.

But the cannon of Windischgratz and Jellachich, restored order, and the Emperor, to Vienna. The Hungarians had taken no active part, notwithstanding the provocation received, and felt no desire to cast off the sovereignty of Ferdinand. They only wished for the rights guaranteed by their Constitution, and these, the Emperor professed himself again, willing to defend for them. During the April following, he formally ratified, in the Diet, at Presburg, the acts which that body had passed for the melioration of their own countrymen, and every thing seemed to promise a happy termination of all difficulties.

But the Austrian Cabinet had no such designs. These concessions had been made in their usually treacherous spirit; and they immediately set to work to involve Hungary in trouble. Croatia, one of its provinces, was particularly subject to Russian influence, and they were successful in fomenting disturbances of a serious character. Jellachich was appointed Ban of the province, and almost immediately manifested his designs. The faithless Austrians, still hesitating, went so far even, at one time, as to denounce Jellachich as a traitor; but, in the latter part of June, they declared their intention of supporting him, and reducing Hungary to the condition of a province.

The Hungarians now perceived the fullness of their danger. Their Ministry had resigned, and Count Louis Batthyanyi, who had been called on by the Emperor to form a new one, found himself alone in administering the government. To aid him in this, a triumvirate, called the "Committee of Defense," was appointed by the Diet. At the head of this committee, was Kossuth.

He, in fact, had been the soul of the whole movement. Amidst all difficulties he had been firm.

On the 11th of June, he became Minister of Finance.

On the 18th, a revolt, instigated by Austria, broke out in Servia. In August, came the Croatian war.

On the 4th of September, Jellachich had been restored to all his offices by the Emperor. On the 9th, he crossed the Drava with his invading army. On the same day, with a duplicity almost incredible, the Emperor reasserted his intention to preserve the integrity of the Hungarian Constitution. On the 20th, Kossuth was President of the Ministry. On the 26th, the "Imperial manifest" was made, which produced the final rupture.—Meantime, Jellachich had advanced towards the capital, without opposition, his course marked by plunder and devastation. So trusting were the Hungarians, in the assurances of Ferdinand, that they had made not the slightest preparations for defense.

But, as the truth burst upon them, they

flew to arms. It was then that Kossuth demonstrated his unrivaled power as an orator. He addressed his countrymen in language, which roused them to instant action. From one of his proclamations, we give the following extract:—

"Two things we must do. We must rise and crush the enemy that desecrates the earth on which we live, and we must not forget!—These two are needful; should the Hungarians fail in them, then they are a craven people—a people of wretches, of which the very name in history shall be kin to shame! Should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are a people of dastards and cowards, defiling even the sacred memory of their forefathers. God the Eternal will say of them, 'I rue the day on which I created this people.' And should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are an accursed people—so cursed, that the air of Heaven shall disown them; so cursed, that the sweet fountain shall turn brackish as they approach it. The Hungarian shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth. Even the bread of charity shall be denied to his prayer. And the generation of the stranger, that hath taken his substance, shall give him stripes for alms. He shall be like a vagrant Dog, which even the meanest may strike.—Vain are his prayers; religion has no comfort for him. He has desecrated God's work, and God will not pardon his sins—no, neither here nor in Heaven! The maiden he lifts his eyes to, shall spurn him from the threshold, like a mangy beast. His wife shall spit into his eyes in the fullness of her scorn, and his child's earliest words shall curse its father! * * * * *

Let each man take up arms! But as for the women, let them go midway between Vesprim and Weissenburgh, and dig a wide grave.—There will we bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary; or else our enemies shall lie in that wide grave! And on this grave shall stand a monument inscribed with a record of our shame.—'So God punishes cowardice;' or we will plant on it the tree of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God, speaking as from the fiery bush to Moses, 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground; thus do I reward the brave. To the Magyars, freedom, renown, well-being, and happiness.'

The following passages are from the same address. The concluding sentence, to use the words of the "*London Examiner*," "is not unworthy an Eastern Prophet, nor unsuited to the genius and origin of his race."

"It is an eternal law of God that whosoever abandoneth himself will be forsaken by the Lord." "It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist."

"It is a divine law that false swearing by its results chastiseth itself." "It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself the triumph of justice." "Standing firm on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is that the freedom of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich."

"This proclamation"—to quote again—"electrified the chivalrous people to whom it was addressed." In a fortnight, fifty thousand men were collected to repel the invasion. On the 29th of September, Jellachich was defeat-

ed with tremendous loss, about twelve miles from Pesth, and barely escaped, by leaving his Croatian rear guard and its commanding Generals, in the hands of his enemies.

The efforts of Kossuth were now miraculous. He seemed at once "soldier, statesman, orator and prophet." Probably the latent resources of a country were never before so rapidly developed as have been those of Hungary since the commencement of the war.—Probably no man ever succeeded in attaching a people more firmly to his standard, than he. No policy could be wiser than the one which he has adopted; no faith can be stronger than that with which he arms his countrymen. To quote again from the able writer of the "*Examiner*," "The great secret of his influence—that which more than his inexhaustible eloquence, his organizing intellect, or his genius as a statesman, makes him the chief and central point of the movement—is his unshaken faith in the ultimate triumph and brilliant future of his father land. This is the electric spark which, emanating from him, pervades and unites the nation as one man."

As an illustration of this, listen to his words while preparing to resist the combined forces of Jellachich and Windischgratz, after the defeat of the former. "If we do not defeat them on the frontier," said he, "we shall beat them at Raab; if not at Raab, at Comorn; if not at Comorn, at Pesth; if not at Pesth, then on the Theiss; but even if not on the Theiss, we shall, nevertheless, finally beat them!" And so it proved. They kept falling back from the frontier, leaving a garrison at Comorn, and giving up Pesth temporarily, till they gathered sufficient strength to meet the foe on fair terms. But when they reached the Theiss, the tide began to turn, and soon swept the invaders from the land. Pesth was re-taken, Comorn succored, and the frontiers strongly garrisoned. Those who had blamed him for not hazarding a stand at Pesth, now saw the wisdom and prudence of his course.

This second invasion took place in December, soon after the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son. The attack was made in nine different quarters. "Unsupported by foreign aid," says the "*London Times*" "and unsuccessful in their first struggles, the Hungarians were compelled to retreat, leaving their Capital and the seat of Government in the hands of their enemies. Yet the genius of Kossuth never quailed. Supported by the unswerving patriotism of all classes, and by that alone, without the assistance of strangers either in men or money, without foreign levies or foreign loans he, step by step, recovered every advantage which had been won from him at first by the overwhelming force and simultaneous attacks of the Austrians."

"In the short time which had elapsed since the 5th of January, he has succeeded in establishing at Debreczin manufactories for the production of fulminating silver and percussion caps; a foundry for muskets and one for casting and boring cannon. He has erected powder mills and extended the saltpeter manufactory; he has thoroughly equipped and regularly provisioned one hundred thousand men; he has raised the effective cavalry to twenty thousand horses; and he has established pontoon trains and rocket batteries. But he has done more than this. In the subordinate ranks of the army, his eagle eye has detected the lurking

talents which the Austrian system could not develop, and he has committed the charge of his forces to men whose triumphs has justified his selection. Only one year ago, Gorgey was but a Lieutenant; Klapka and Gaspar, Captains; Vetter, a Major; and Perczel Guyon, and Count Casimer Bathanyi; had never served at all. Yet now the Austrian Generals, grown grey in warlike service, have, one by one yielded to the superior talents of their young competitors. Veteran legions have fled before the Hungarian recruits, like chaff before the wind. The armies of the Empire are demoralized and disorganized by a succession of severe defeats; and the military power of Austria is a broken reed."

The influence of his eloquence, in doing this must not pass unnoticed. Says the foreign correspondent of the "*Newark Advertiser*":—

"The effect of his oratory is said to be astonishing. When he rises to speak, his features, finely moulded, and of an oriental cast though pale and haggard, as from mental and physical suffering united, immediately excite interest. His deep toned, almost sepulchral voice, adds to the first impression. Then, as he becomes warmed by his subject, and launches into the enthusiastic and prophetic manner peculiar to him, his hearers seem to imbibe all the feelings that so strongly reign in his own bosom, and to be governed by the same will. In his tour through the provinces to raise the *landsturm*, (all the able-bodied) so great was his power over the peasantry, that frequently men, women and children together, running to their houses, and seizing hooks or whatever their hands could find, assembled on the spot, and insisted on being led directly against the enemy. Many women are found serving in the Hungarian ranks, and even, sometimes, noble ladies command in person the troops raised, equipped and paid by themselves."

Not only this, we will add, but hundreds of the patriotic and athletic maidens of Szekler have implored permission to form companies of chasseurs.

But his oratory must not be judged alone from the specimens given. We quote again from writers who describe his course much better than we can do it. "Far different were his speeches in the Diet. In these, we find the lucid exposition, the cool reasoning, and large views of the Statesman. In these, he ever stands forth as much the resolute opponent of communistic violence, as of military despotism."

"His oratory," says another, "is astonishing. He has fine features and a commanding presence. He addressed and carried the Germans in German. He spoke to the Slaves in the mountain cities, in the Slovak languages, and raised them to a pitch of fearful excitement. The Catholic clergy he gained in their assembled Council at Sumog, by a thrilling speech in Latin. He has already run a career of glory, and the way seems clear before him for yet higher renown. He has succeeded in fastening the attention of the world, and engaging the sympathies of all the true friends of freedom."

In treating of this war, we must not omit to mention the true nobility which the Hungarian people have evidenced. The nobles have granted to their retainers, privileges enjoyed by no other peasantry in Europe. They have voluntarily relinquished advantages no other nobility would think of resigning. The

masses have responded to this generosity with the most gratifying demonstrations. Rival races have forgotten old jealousies and fraternized with those who are alien to them in blood and language. The women have engaged in the work with a unanimity and courage which has no parallel. And what is stranger still, the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, trampling under foot the conventional ties which have bound them to their Austrian brethren, have labored with unexampled zeal. The Catholic priest, particularly, have manifested a patriotism that may challenge comparison. They first presented to the Emperor a solemn remonstrance against his course, and then went from place to place, exhorting the people to resist the foreign invaders to the last.

The enlightened moderations of the Hungarians, is worthy of all praise. Not an outrage has been committed by authority; not more than three or four, in any case, and these in the heat of passion. What a lesson this, to the whole civilized world!

Kossuth is now President of the Kingdom; for Hungary has not been, as some have said, erected into a Republic. Nothing, apparently can be better organized than his government. With reference to the present condition of the country, threatened as it is by both Austria and Russia, we make a final quotation from the "London Times."

"For this threatened invasion, however, Hungary is prepared. Recruiting has again commenced in those countries which have been lately cleared of the enemy's force. In these, the population is as ready to follow the banner of Kossuth, as it showed itself, throughout, averse to that of Windischgratz. Within a month, the national army will be raised to 300,000 men; and the repeated defeats of the Austrians have supplied the necessary artillery. Moreover, the national party possess full means of equipping and provisioning these masses. Various circumstances, one of which was the disturbance of transport last year, in consequence of the Servian rebellion in the Banat, have caused a vast accumulation of grain in that quarter.

"By his possession of the small districts in Transylvania, called the Saxon land, General Bem has been enabled to raise from 14,000 to 16,000 cavalry horses, without drawing upon those necessary for the labors of agriculture. The internal credit is excellent under the wise management of the National Bank, and presents a striking contrast to the financial embarrassment of Vienna. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Russian intervention, though by no means a desperate, is a most serious matter for the Hungarians."

What will be the result of these movements, time alone can determine. Kossuth is said to be consumptive, and works with a knowledge that what he does, must be done speedily.—But at all events, he has wrought well for the cause of freedom; and whether he be the victor or the vanquished, in the impending struggle, his name will ever be a word of inspiration to his countrymen and the great brotherhood of man. The German and the Muscovite, may trample the soul from the clay, but it will always live in the memory of his country, to animate them to new deeds of daring and virtue, till the glorious mission is accomplished, for which Heaven sent him.

MAX.

Religious.

Corrupt Newspapers.

There is no blessing conferred upon man which may not be turned into a curse; no instrument of good which may not be perverted into an engine of evil, by selfishness and corrupt passions. We have a sad illustration of this in the history of a portion of the press in this city. A principled, enlightened, high-toned press is one of the most glorious instrumentalities ever put in operation. But let that mighty agent become corrupt, and prove the foul generator of licentiousness, violence, bitterness, contempt of virtue, law, and order, and not the prince of evil himself could desire a more efficient auxiliary in spreading the seeds of wickedness and misery.

We have such presses in New York—presses which mock at virtue and religion in all their forms—which sneer at every thing implying belief in God, hope in man, or longings for his improvement. These presses proceed upon the assumption that all men are alike selfish and corrupt, and that all professions and appearances to the contrary are deceptive and hypocritical. They teach virtually that every man is naturally, and of necessity, the antagonist of his fellow—that life must needs be an incessant contest between men for power, influence, and property, of which there is enough for only a small portion, and that the successful must despise the unsuccessful, and the unsuccessful hate the successful. They practically teach that none but fanatics and brainless fools can mean anything but to deceive and cheat the unwary by pretending to love their fellow men, and that the only honest and really manly men are those who openly renounce all fear of God and regard for man.

The influence of these presses, if unchecked by other agencies, would soon banish every institution of religion and every semblance of virtue. The Sabbath, the sanctuary, the Christian ministry would be laughed to scorn; the benevolent organizations of the age would be repudiated, and not even a decent deism or heathenism would be left in their stead.

Now if such be the moral character and tendency of any portion of the New York press, then to support it, or countenance it, is to share in its criminality, and to merit a participation in its doom. Nor does it relieve the case to allege that such presses are valuable as news sheets. There are papers of an unexceptionable character which are not at all inferior in enterprise in obtaining and furnishing the latest intelligence. This is notoriously the fact, and it leaves moral and Christian people without an apology for sustaining an unprincipled and vicious sheet, and subjects them to the suspicion of wishing, like others of corrupt minds, to gloat over the details of vice and licentiousness which are the only distinction of these papers.—*New York Organ.*

Correct Sentiment.

Reverend Doctor Nott says: Under cover of religion, men oftener indulge the bitterness of passion, without compunction, than in any other situation. The wretch who went only, and without some salve to his conscience, attacks private character, feels self condemned.

But the sour, sanctimonious, grace-hardened bigot, embarks all his pride, gratifies all his revenge, and empties his corroded bosom of all its gall—and, smothering over his distorted features, believes he has served his God.

Baptist Noel's Character of the British Church.

Of its 16,000 ministers, about 1,568 do nothing; about 6,681 limit their thoughts and labors to small parishes, which contain from 150 to 300 souls, while others in cities and towns profess to take charge of 8 or 9,000 souls; and of the 12,953 working pastors of Churches, I fear from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are unconverted men, who neither know nor preach the gospel.

Scientific.

Magnetism—its History and Qualities.

It was known to the ancient Greeks, that a certain dark, hard stone had the power of attracting and lifting up small pieces of iron, and that these, so in contact, had the same influence upon other pieces. This stone was called by them the magnet, by ourselves the loadstone, and science has shown that it is an oxide of iron, consisting of iron and oxygen gas. The Greeks were therefore acquainted with its attractive but not its directive power. The latter, however, was known to the Chinese, according to their own authentic accounts, as early as the Christian era—it is described as an instrument pointing south.

This knowledge, perhaps was brought from China to Europe during the middle ages, when a considerable overland intercourse was carried on between those widely separated regions.—The route was along the Caspian and through Tartary. The great Mongul Empire, rising on the northern Altay plains, subdued Russia, China and Hindoostan, and acted as a bridge to connect far distant countries in the bonds of acquaintanceship and intercourse. This, indeed, seems to have been the Providential mission of all greatly extended empires from the time of Alexander the Great until now, when we behold the Pacific and Atlantic shores of this continent united under that wise fabric—the Federal constitution. The valuable journal of Marco Polo's overland tour to China in the middle of the 13th century, is still extant and in every good library.

It is certain, that no mention was made in Europe of the directive power of the magnet until the 12th century, and even this is obscure and doubtful; and it was not until 1420, the same century in which this continent was discovered, that the mariner's compass came into general use. Columbus on his first voyage to America, in 1492, first discovered that the magnetic needle did not point exactly to the north. In 1590 it was observed at Rimini, that a rod of iron, situated on the tower of the church, had become magnetic. In 1630 the same fact was observed of an iron cross which had been struck down by lightning from the spire of the church at Aix. These and other similar facts soon made known the magnetism of the earth. They are worth mentioning to show how slow was formerly the progress of discovery, and how almost entirely we owe the very existence of science to modern times.

THE DECLINATION OF THE NEEDLE.—This is its variation from pointing to the north: in some places it is more, in others less. In every place it is slowly changing, declining more and more toward the west, for several years, and then again returning and declining towards the east. It also changes very slightly every day—in the morning it begins to point more and more toward the west, until evening, when it returns towards the east. These last, which are very minute, are called diurnal variations: the former which amount often to 12 or 20 degrees, are said to be secular variations.—There are also magnetic storms—violent agitations of the needle, to a small extent, and at the same moment, on every side of the globe. The needle is also affected by the Aurora Borealis, by earthquakes, and by sudden eruptions of volcanos.

INCLINATION OF THE NEEDLE.—This is its pointing toward the earth. If a steel needle be well poised, so as to lie in a horizontal position before it is magnetised, then upon being magnetised its north end in our latitude will incline toward the earth. The farther it be carried north the greater is this inclination, until we arrive near the northern edge of our continent, when it points directly downward. That spot is therefore the north magnetic pole. It is 20 degrees of latitude south of the true geographic north pole. If it be carried toward the equator, the inclination becomes less and less, until at last it is perfectly horizontal; this is called the magnetic equator. The magnetic equator is irregular, sometimes running north and sometimes south of the true geographic equator, varying occasionally as much as 12 degrees of latitude. All these irregularities of declination and inclination have not been reduced to general laws, nor the causes of the constant changes ascertained. Magnetic observations are now becoming established on every side of the globe, hourly observations made, and much zeal excited in the investigations.

MAGNETISM OF THE EARTH.—This is proved by the fact that the earth can magnetise a bar of iron or steel if it be stood upright. The tongs and shovel standing at every fire-side, if tried with a delicate needle, will be found to be magnetic; their lower ends, if they be balanced horizontally, point south. If they be magnetised by the earth south of the equator, then their lower ends point north.

GOLD AND SILVER POINT EAST AND WEST.—Every horse shoe shaped magnet has one of its ends a north pole, and the other a south pole. If such a magnet be made very powerful by means of a galvanic battery, all substances whatever, if made into bars and suspended over it by a delicate thread, will point either to these north and south artificial poles, or else in a direction equally between them, that is, east and west. Gold and silver point in this latter direction, as also do many others. This has lately been discovered by Faraday in London, who has named the influence Diamagnetism. In order to produce it, the artificial magnet must be very powerful. The magnetism of the earth is not strong enough to show it.—*Newark Advertiser.*

Perch in open cisterns, keep the water free from insects. One or two is sufficient.

Miscellany.

From "The People."

SONGS OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

NO. I.

O how I dote on you,
Words cannot tell!—
All that woman feels,
Loving so well:
All the quick tides of life
Through my soul lightening,
In that sweet name of wife,
Gladdening and brightening.

While you're away from me,
Burning to greet you—
When you draw near to me,
Bounding to meet you;
Blessing you day by day
With a new pleasure—
Gushing my soul away
On its one treasure:

Plotting, when all alone,
How best to please you—
Making your cares my own,
Hoping to ease you:
Filled with the thought of thee,
Waking or sleeping—
All life and hope for me
In thy sole keeping.

Blest was the morn that first
On thy love rose, dear—
Blest was the hour that gave
Me to thy vows, dear—
Blest every tide of life
Through my soul lightening,
In the sweet name of wife,
Gladdening and brightening.

A London Boy.

Young people in our favored land have very little idea of the suffering of the poor in England and elsewhere. The following little sketch will give them some idea of the truth.

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools in the metropolis, I became much interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank, open countenance; though somewhat dirty, and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher that I could but smile. His "practical observations" on certain portions of Scripture, if clothed in eloquent language, would have done honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him, that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down by him to ask some questions.

"Where do you live," I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning at two o'clock and go on foot three or four miles, and sometimes six or eight, into the edge of the city to buy the water-cresses. I get a basket of them there

for a shilling, and by crying them the whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live on a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well: but many times I don't make a shilling and then I buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm he said,

"The lad you have been talking with, comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get asleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two in the morning, yet he is always punctual. Not long since, his mother was imprisoned for arrearages in her rent; the sum needed was but ten shillings. Well, this poor boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save the money out of his scanty earnings to release her from prison.

I went back again and talked with the boy, and in my eyes he was a truer hero than Wellington or Napoleon.—*Hartford Republican.*

A Blush.

What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek like the soft tints of a summer sunset. Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than does the sock or glove which covers it. It is the face that is in Heaven!—There may be traced the intellectual phenomena with a confidence amounting to moral certainty.

Sermon in a Sentence.

A fellow named Geo. T. Booream convicted on Friday for theft, (second offence) was sent back to the States Prison for five years—the Recorder remarking upon the fact of his having sentenced him to a similar term in 1843. "Well," replied the thief, "how can I help it? nobody'll give a man work who has been in State Prison. I was forced to do it to get a long." Legislators, mark the lesson!

The Secret Out.

A man in New Jersey, by laborious and persevering attention to business, had accumulated a large estate. His neighbors did not fancy his habitual reserve, when his private affairs were the object of inquiry, and they were at a loss to imagine the means, by which he had acquired so much money. One or two, bolder than the rest, whose anxiety became intolerable, at last fairly asked him, "Mr. A. how did you make so much money?" Now it was out; and our zealous "Paul Prys" had cornered the adversary, and eagerly awaited his reply. There was an awkward pause; at last Mr. A. spoke. The long coveted secret was to be brought to light and circulated on the wings of gossip through the village! Mr. A. replied—"Gentlemen, I ascribe my success to the observance of one rule:—I have always endeavored to MIND MY OWN BUSINESS."

Work to-day: you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

To Correspondents.

"Jaques" (if that be the signature) shall receive attention on giving us her real name. It is not our intention to publish anonymous articles; we leave that to our neighbors.

"P." is under consideration.

Glen Haven.

Having recently enjoyed a very pleasant trip to this place, we propose saying a word or two relative to it.

And first, we would recommend the route to all who go South by way of Cortland, or who wish a short jaunt for pleasure. By taking the cars at Syracuse, at 7 o'clock, A. M., we reached Skaneateles at 9, and Glen Haven at 10 1-2; finding a stage in waiting there, (or rather, at Fair Haven, just opposite,) for Cortland and Homer.

The excursion is one of the pleasantest imaginable. The ride on the Lake, particularly, in the new steamboat, Homer, was wonderfully refreshing to a mortal just escaped from the dust and heat of the city. Capt. Mason has furnished his boat in fine style, and promises to leave nothing undone that can conduce to the enjoyment of his patrons.

Of Glen Haven itself, and the Water Cure established there, under the professional superintendence of Dr. Gleason, we should like to say more than we shall say. It is one of the most agreeable places in the world, sheltered alike from heat and storm, and rejoicing in an abundance of the purest of air and water. We doubt whether any location in the country has more natural advantages for the practice of Hydropathy than this. As to the arrangements of the "Cure," we cannot speak extensively for want of knowledge. The buildings are good, and well located; the arrangements, as far as we noticed, with one or two exceptions, such as contribute to the pleasure of the patients—or perhaps, we should say, *guests*, for such they seemed to be, rather than subjects of medical treatment. Indeed, from what we heard and saw, we should judge the residence equally conducive to health and happiness.

The following statistics, taken from the first Annual Report of the establishment, are for the first year, ending Feb. 1st, 1849:

Whole No. of cases treated,	121
Cured, or materially benefitted,	62
Much relieved,	53
Not benefitted,	6

A Final Rejoinder.

Such is the title given to an article in the last "*Ladies' Dollar Newspaper*," in answer to our own answer. It needed not this hint to render us eternally dumb, in future, on the mooted points there discussed; for had we not felt too high a regard for our kind adversary to have troubled her again with them, our respect for the *prerogatives of her sex* would have coerced us into yielding the last word.

The Pittsburg Mercury.

The *Pittsburg Mercury*, in noticing us, after raising our vanity extensively, by its commendation of our paper, and its approval of our designs, concludes by administering the following shower bath:—

"The following is at the end of the prospectus.

Editors inserting our prospectus, or noticing prominently, will be entitled to an exchange.—Announcements such as this, we see in many papers, but no matter by whom penned it is a piece of downright impertinence. 'Entitled to an exchange!' How absurd! Perhaps we have placed ourselves among those thus entitled, but we do not wish to urge our claims. If the conductors of the Union choose to send it, we may glance it over among our other exchanges, but they must not think that we would find the least difficulty in getting on without it. Presumption of this kind only makes those who use it ridiculous. Those who notice prominently (favorably is understood) are 'entitled' to the exchange, but those who will not say the 'Union' is an excellent paper, are 'without the pale.' The 'exchange' is the price the Editors will pay for a puff! Shame! shame!—Friends of the 'Union,' ye are not 'independent' in this matter. If you hope to be fully successful, you must expunge this and all such matters from your journal, and for ever more scorn to buy an opinion."

—This poor prospectus of ours, was surely born under an unlucky planet, to receive so many buffets from so many different sources. With the best of nursing, scarcely does it recover from a wound in one part, before it receives a stab in another; and such is the delicate condition of the poor bantling, that we are afraid it cannot be long for this world.

The whole criticism and lecture of the *Mercury* for our "offering a reward for a puff," seems to hang upon his defining prominently to mean *favorably*.

We are sure, when we penned the objectionable sentences, we only meant, if our prospectus were not published, a notice of our existence should be given, in a manner likely to attract attention; and, in our innocence and simplicity of heart, we thought our language susceptible of no other meaning.

Upon reading the *Mercury's* definition, however, we grew doubtful; a cold sweat started from our brow, and we hurried to consult Dr. Webster's "Unabridged."

A calmness came over our soul, when we found that the Dr. does not make the words synonymous, or even neighbors; and, after considerable cogitation, we came to the sage conclusion, that the *Mercury* has been taking lessons in boxing of late, and is anxious to show the public its pugilistic skill, even by effectually flooring a man of straw of its own creation.

However, Mr. *Mercury*, we bespeak a hearty grip of your hand on the first convenient occasion, for we like your plain speaking.

We hope, also, that you will not find the prospectus so disagreeable that you will refuse to take our paper from the office, for we shall most certainly continue to send it; and when the weather is sufficiently cool, when the *Mercury* is lower—we mean the thermometer variety—we may see this matter in the same light as you do, and repent and reform.

On dit at Washington that Senator Benton's youngest daughter will soon be espoused to Signor Sanchez, a young Mexican.

A Masked Battery.

We have been made the subject of an anonymous attack through the columns of the "*Daily Star*," based on our recent notice of the "Reformed Dutch Church."

We cannot conceive why the writer suppresses his name, unless ashamed of his own work; nor could a stronger reason, indeed, be imagined; for this is the common scurrility in which none but low-bred men indulge. At all events, we are neither so powerful, nor so good, that any fellow citizen should scruple to speak his mind to us without getting behind a church fence.

We have a motto, and, as conscientious men, do not intend to belie it. Our statements were made from the best of authorities, who can be produced when any respectable party shall properly question their truth. But, as for replying to the low sneers and vagabond innuendoes of an unknown bravo, we have neither time nor taste for the amusement. We consider our own word quite as good as that of any anonymous person whatever. The malignant energy which marks the communication in question, brands it, at the same time, as the unbaptized offspring of an unholy heart. We really hope, and believe, for the credit of the highly respectable denomination whose name has been thus wantonly prostituted, that its members do not generally endorse the unchristian vulgarities of the person who assumed it.

While we are partisan to no sect or creed, we shall not hesitate to express our abhorrence of any attacks from any source, upon the free and tolerant spirit of our institutions, and the sacred right of every man to worship God, according to the best direction of his own reason and conscience.

If forced to do so, we shall produce, in connection with the affair we mentioned, *additional facts*, which will effectually silence all cavil respecting our motives or veracity.

The Foreign News.

Although our advices are somewhat confused and contradictory, it is evident that Despotism is still too strong for Freedom in the present prison-house of Europe. Treachery and force, and superstition, are again replacing the manacles which were falling from the limbs of the nations.

In this re-actionary movement, *republican* France has led the way. We were not surprised that Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, should combine to crush the first movements for human freedom, for such is the immemorial policy of kings; but that a people with the liberal impulses of the French, and so recently emancipated by their own efforts, from a similar thralldom, should join the iniquitous league, is almost beyond belief.

But, the *cause* is ultimately onward:—Rome may fall; Germany bow her neck again to the yoke, and even Hungary be overpowered by the masses arrayed against her; but from every defeat, will spring the seeds of a new triumph, the combined shadow of whose growth, shall yet cover the whole land.

CHOLERA IN SYRACUSE IN 1832 AND 1834.—The Journal says:—"In 1832 there were but 33 deaths by the Cholera. In 1834 there were only 18. We have these facts from the Sexton who buried them all."

A removed Postmaster still affixes P. M. to his name—he says it means *post mortem*.

Literary.

NOTICES.

A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY, *descriptive, physical, and practical. Designed for Schools, Colleges, and Private Students.* By H. N. Robinson, A. M., formerly Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. Navy; Author of *Treatise on Arithmetic; Algebra; Natural Philosophy; &c.* Albany: E. H. Pease & Co.; Cincinnati: Jacob Ernst. 1849.

The Author, whose acquaintance we made about a year since, has left on our table a copy of this work; and we have spent a few profitable hours in giving it a hasty examination. It is a large volume in the quarto form, containing over 350 pages, and, we believe, for the class of pupils intended, is the best work extant on this subject.

Very few in our Public Schools are sufficiently advanced to use this volume of Prof. Robinson, for it requires a knowledge of Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry; and where such an amount of mathematical knowledge will never be acquired by the pupil, we would advise the use of easier and less valuable abridgements; for we consider it very essential that every child shall know something of this sublime and ennobling science;—a science that, with awe and admiration, brings the mind of the learner, more than any other, into the appreciable presence of the Soul and Author of the Universe—the great radiating Center of moving systems and worlds.

But in all institutions where the acquirements of thy advanced pupils are sufficient, we believe this work of Prof. Robinson, can be introduced to the highest advantage. As our Author, in the language of Virgil, sees the *fastigia rerum*, or prominent points of whatever he treats and expresses himself in plain and pointed language, we cannot do better than to allow him to speak for himself. He says, "books of great worth and high merit were to be found, but they did not meet the wants of the learner; the substantially good were too voluminous and mathematically abstruse to be much used by the humble pupil, and the least mathematical too superficial and trifling to give satisfaction to the real aspirant after astronomical knowledge."

"Of the less mathematical and more elaborate works on astronomy, there are two classes—the pure and valuable like the writings of Biot and Herschel; but, excellent as these are, they are not adapted to the purposes of instruction; and every effort to make class books of them has substantially failed. From the other class, which consists of essays and popular lectures, little substantial knowledge can be gathered, for they do not *teach* astronomy; as a general thing, they only *glorify* it; they may excite our wonder concerning the immensity or grandeur of the heavens, but they give us no additional power to investigate the science."

"Another class of more brief and valuable productions were, and are always to be found, in which most of the important facts are recorded; such as the distances, magnitudes, and motions of the heavenly bodies; but how these facts became known is rarely explained; this is what the true searcher after science will always demand, and this book is designed expressly to meet that demand."

In the first part of the book we suppose the reader entirely unacquainted with the subject; but we suppose him competent to the task—to be at least, sixteen years of age—to have a good knowledge of proportion, some knowledge of algebra, geometry,

and trigonometry—and then, and not until then, can the study be pursued with any degree of success worth mentioning. Such a person, and with such acquirements as we have here designated, we believe, can take this book and learn astronomy in comparatively a short time; for the chief design of the work is, to teach whoever desires to learn; and it matters not where the learner may be, in a college, academy, school, or a solitary student at home, and alone in the pursuit."

Price, \$1.50.

WORLD AS IT MOVES, No. 13.

We have not received this sterling Journal regularly for some weeks, and the cause is here explained by the breaking down of the press on which it was printed. There will be no delay, in future, say the Publishers.

The Contents are as follows:—Portrait and Life of Sir John Franklin; Heads, Hearts and Handicrafts; Experiences of a Barrister; Shakspeare Hygiene; Second visit to the Antiquarian Museum; Life in New South Wales; The Anglo-Frenchman; The Datura; Siberian Dogs; Lazy Beavers; The Shadow of an Ass; Poetry; Miscellany.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 270,

Contains the following articles:—The Doom of Quarantine; Scottish Marriage Bill; Journey from Siege, &c.; Bertrand de Born; Austria and Hungary; Mary Powell's Maiden and Married Life, (3d Part); History of a Household; Leaves from Lord Minorea's Note Book; Day Break and Peep of day; Commotion of Europe (several articles); Poetry, &c.

An unusually varied table.
For sale at Palmer's.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—It is stated that this talented writer, well known as the author of the Caudle lectures and other celebrated works, has sold his weekly newspaper—one of the most pungent journals of the age—and is to take charge again of the London Punch, which from the absence of his pen has been rapidly running down of late. Punch had at one time a circulation of some 70,000 weekly.

Mr. Healey has nearly completed his long-elaborated painting of Webster delivering his great oration in the Senate, in reply to Col. Hayne. He has introduced portraits of the Senators and Vice President.

"English Melodies," by Charles Swain, and a "Day at Tivoli," by John Kenyon, (a cousin of the distinguished poetess, Elizabeth Barrett,) are among the late English poetical publications.

Macready is the son of an Irishman, who wrote the farces of the "Irishman in London," and "The Village Lawyer."

James Horn, Jr., the New York wit and punster, announces that he will issue the first number of a new weekly paper next week, to appear in quarto form. It will no doubt command a good sale.

A new volume, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is announced—"Essays on Representative Men," embracing several distinct essays on Shakspeare, Napoleon and others.

A book is announced by a son of the late Tyrone Power, the actor, "New Zealand Sketches in Pen and Pencil."

Anderson, the tragedian, is about to return to the United States.

Mrs. Mowatt has accepted a liberal offer to remain another year in London.

Jenny Lind has gone to Stockholm, to give six farewell concerts.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, has entered the church, and is preaching in London.

Mr. Fitz Greene Halleck, the poet, has entirely recovered from his late sickness.

Washington Irving is understood to be engaged on his life of "Mohammed."

The three popular novelists are Bulwer, 49 yrs. old; Dickens, 28; and Thackeray, 48.

A new Magazine, devoted entirely to poetry, is soon to be commenced at Sparkville, N. Y. The title is to be "The Poet." The projector must be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

W. Gilmore Simms has assumed the editorial charge of the *Southern Quarterly Review*.

Mr. EBEN S. STEARNS is the new Principal of the State Normal School, West Newton, Mass.

The Cambridge Law School now numbers 91 pupils. The fees are \$50 a term. The other expenses, including board, fuel, &c., &c., are from \$100 to \$188 per term, according to the wish or ability of the student.

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

From the Tribune.

An Excellent Habit.

There are some of the 'peculiar institutions' of 'our Southern brethren' that we don't like, and some that we do. One of the latter class is public canvassing by their candidates for Political offices; another is self-nomination for non-Political offices; a third is paying the printer for publishing these self-nominations. From the 'Yazoo City Whig' before us, we copy the following:

We are authorized to announce Nat. Perry, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Yazoo County, at the next election.—PAID \$5.

We are authorized to announce Simeon T. Johnson as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Yazoo County, at the ensuing election.—PAID.

We are authorized to announce Gibson Barnes, Esq., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Yazoo County.—PAID \$5.

We are authorized to announce John W. Fuqua, Esq., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Yazoo County, at the ensuing election in November.—PAID \$5.

We are authorized to announce D. M. Bell, as a candidate for Assessor at the ensuing November election.—PAID \$5.

There are enough more, but here are enough for a specimen.—And by the way: the Whig is edited by Mrs. H. N. Prewett, (widow, we believe, of the late Editor,) and is very well conducted. We commend it to all who would like a good paper from Mississippi.

From the (S. C.) Telegraph.

The 'Peculiar Institutions' of the North.

The last accounts of the New York riots, confirm our idea of the dangers awaiting the Northern people from the spirit of hostility between the rich and poor, and the Agrarian tendencies of the latter.

Viewed in this light the late riots have a deep significance and may convince them whose institutions are most in peril, theirs or ours. The Conservative power in this Union is to be found at the

South, and the march of events will soon convince Northern fanatics of this fact, to their cost.

In Pennsylvania another riot is threatened, requiring Military interposition. The Baltimore Sun says:

The boatmen are on a strike at Easton, Pa. On Friday they paraded through the borough, numbering probably over two hundred men on horseback, and about four hundred more were on foot, preceded by a band of music. A large majority of the people evidently sympathize with the boatmen. A letter to the Pennsylvanian, uses the following language:

"I am told that a gentleman has gone to Harrisburg, to obtain a requisition from the Governor for the arrest of some of the principal men, and for authority to the sheriff to call out the military."

Newspaper Postage.

The Clinton County Whig speaks thus of the movement to secure a restoration of the law exempting newspapers from postage within thirty miles of the place where published:—

"The equality of the law applies not only to publishers, but to citizens generally. Under such a law, he who takes a city paper will pay no more postage than now, while his own county paper will come to him free. It will operate as an encouragement to home enterprise, and will contribute much towards exalting the character and securing the independence of the country press. There are many reasons, beyond the saving of a few cents in postage, which should induce every community to favor the law in question."

We are quite confident that there will be wisdom and justice enough in the next Congress to secure the re-enactment of this law. There was no good reason for its repeal; for the revenue of the Post Office Department never was and never will be impaired by a profuse circulation of well conducted journals.—*Troy Republican*.

Sermon on a Rag.

This miserable rag, with a patch on its back and the ends torn off, and otherwise defaced, purports to be a one dollar bill on the Bank of Sandusky, promising to pay the bearer one dollar on demand. That is a lie! We demand the dollar, but it does not come! We ask for the silver, but it is eaten up by shavers and speculators, bank directors, bank presidents, cashiers and clerks. And this rag, bespangled with pictures of naked women and men, is this the reward the poor man gets for his toil? Who suffers when a broken bank goes to perdition? The poor man who toils for his bread from morning till night, and who has no time to look out for bank failures. And yet how often such men are found to be the advocates of these rotten institutions. Let him that sinned, sin no more; but pray for that good time when there shall be no more banks to corrupt the rich or rob the poor.—*Goshen (Ind.) Democrat*.

Those who join the Democratic standard will not be questioned as to their former positions.—*Wash. Union*.

This is the usual form of notification to thieves and burglars. Whoever will return said property shall receive a handsome reward, and no questions asked.—*Lou. Journal*.

Gov. King, of Missouri, has published a letter in the Lexington (Mo.) Journal, coinciding with Mr. Benton in all his views.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

From the Chronotype.

Bishop Hughes and Horace Greeley

Have had another round, and we must say we think Greeley comes off every way first best, tho' the Bishop shows himself extremely scientific. In a second long letter to the *Courier & Enquirer*, the would be Cardinal makes the following as one of his most brilliant points. It would do well in a native Fourth of July oration, saving the lying inuendo about the assassination of Rossi:—

"I am often surprised to see even educated men in this country allowing the brightest page of its history to be tarnished by admitting into comparison with the American Revolution the principles and the men of petty and abortive Revolutions in Europe. The men of the revolution in this country took up arms, not to overthrow an *old* government, but to resist a *new* tyranny. They resisted that tyranny with success; and when the battle was over, were an Independent Nation. Their cause was just in the sight of Heaven and man.—Heaven blessed them in sustaining it. They were wise in council; they were brave in the field; they were honorable, high-minded men everywhere; they did no act to tarnish the justice of their cause—no act of which their proudest posterity need be ashamed. There was no assassin among them.—they hated whatever was dishonorable; they despised a lie and its utterer—in short, they were gentlemen as well as patriots. The troops walked barefoot on the snow; but they committed no sacrilege, they plundered no churches—they respected the rights of property, both public and private; and I ask, in the name of insulted Freedom, whether the murderers of Rossi, and of the other victims of the Roman Revolution, are to be admitted or rather elevated by Americans to any species of comparative equality with the untarnished names of Franklin, Washington, Hancock, and their noble associates? Though not an American born, yet I, for one, feel pride enough in the history of the country to enter my humble protest against it."

To this, Greeley, after having fully proved that the Roman Republic is in no way responsible for the murder of Rossi, or any of the alleged outrages on the priests, calmly and killingly replies:—

"The Bishop protests against all comparison of the Roman Revolutionists with our own forefathers, deeming the former assassins, liars, despoilers of churches, &c. We apprehend that there is some truth at the bottom of this contrast—that the *mass* of the Italians are far less fitted for securing, defending and enjoying the blessings of Liberty than our forefathers were. Whether it is politic, in a Catholic Bishop to draw the contrast so broadly, in view of the precedent history and dominant faith of the two countries, is a question to be pondered; and, at all events, if ten centuries of ecclesiastical sovereignty have left the Romans so wretchedly qualified for Freedom, we can hardly wonder that they grow tired of such unprofitable schooling.—We trust the truth grows every day more manifest that the only fit preparation for enacting worthily the part of Freemen, is Freedom."

If Bishop Hughes can get up anything by way of a rejoinder to that, he may take our hat.

The Literary Union

Is the title of a handsomely printed, and, apparently ably edited literary paper, published in Syracuse, N. Y. It has been 13 weeks in existence, and looks healthy enough to live as great a number of years.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror*.

Address of Hon. Horace Mann.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing from West Point, under date of June 16, gives the following account of the speech of Hon. Horace Mann:

"Later in the evening, Hon. Horace Mann of our State, and *one* of the Board of Examiners, delivered an address to the young men. It was just such a discourse as any one of us who know the independence and the views of the orator, would have expected in such a place, and on such an occasion. Yet it was such a discourse as, I venture to assert, has never before been delivered at West Point, since the military school was established here. For the most part, all is rose-colored, in discourses on such occasions. 'Glory,' 'honor,' 'renown,' and such like topics, are the unvaried themes of the orators. Mr. Mann, we well know, is a firm and consistent advocate of peace. Consequently, peace and the Christian principle of good will to men, was the corner stone of the discourse. Yet there was nothing in it any one should or could take offence at. It was throughout, kind, courteous,—convincing too, from its calm, quiet truthfulness, and it was well received on the part of the young men, and by the older officers who were present. It was truly refreshing to have so much sound advice, such orthodox views of war and peace, so well and so manfully delivered here in the very school of war. It was not inapposite, out of place, or discourteous, nor was it so regarded by any of those to whom it was addressed. After it had been delivered, the orator was applauded by three hearty cheers. I hope the discourse will be written out and published."

The Literary Union.

This interesting Literary paper, Vol. 1, No. 14, published every Saturday, at Syracuse, by W. W. Newman, Esq., has been received. It is in Royal Quarto form, each number contains 16 pages, making at the end of the year, a handsome volume for the parlor, of 832 pages of well selected articles, suited to the tastes of every reader. It is printed on good paper, with a splendid engraved head, and its mechanical execution will compete with any work of the kind issued. Terms, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Five copies to one address for \$9.00, or Ten copies for \$15.00.—*Rhinebeck Gazette*.

A Good Move.

The Controllers of the Public Schools have declined to give up the school houses for Cholera Hospitals. In this the Board was right. It is composed of men of sense, experience, and sound judgement. They very properly say, that there is more danger by closing the schools, and throwing about forty-six thousand children into the streets, than by keeping them open, and in well ventilated rooms to educate the youth. Let the board make one more move; postpone the usual holiday of four weeks until September.—*Scott's Paper, Philadelphia*.

Several thousand bushels of coal have been burned in the streets of Cincinnati the past week, under authority of council, as a disinfectant. We observed that a number of economical citizens took advantage of the public fires to cook their dinners and save their own fuel. What further benefit the community has derived from the burning, we have not learned.—*Great West*.

CHOLERA A LIBERATOR.—It is estimated, says an exchange, that full a tenth of the slaves of Louisiana, have died of Cholera.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamer Niagara.

England.

The bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament, has been lost in the Lords.

Government has sent a friendly remonstrance to the French on bombarding Rome.

A bill has passed legalizing the transportation of the State Prisoners.

Ireland.

Suffering from famine continues. The Cholera is making great havoc.

William O'Connor is dead.

France.

All is tranquil. Arrests are still being made, on account of the last rising.

Italy.

The last advices represented Gen. Oudinot as having gained advantages which placed Rome at his mercy. Still, this information is not fully reliable. Garibaldi had disputed every inch of ground.

Ancona, after a desperate defense, has capitulated to Gen. Wimpffen on honorable terms.

Venice was thought to be on the point of capitulation.

The Neapolitans have shamefully violated the conditions of the late Sicilian capitulation. To the forty-three names excluded from the amnesty, they have added 206 others—many of them noble ladies.

Hungary and Austria.

The accounts are still confused. A battle has been fought at Czorna, which resulted in the defeat of the Austrian Gen. Wyss' brigade.

A great battle has been fought on the Wang, with heavy loss on both sides. The Hungarians, who attacked, retired again across the river, the Imperialists not following. The Hungarians were commanded by Gorgey; the Austrians and Russians by Wohlgemuth.

Jellachich has not gained any advantages, but been forced to retreat. He is said to have fallen into disfavor with the Emperor, who has named Haynau to the command-in-chief of all the forces.

Large Russian corps are entering Hungary from different quarters.

A son of Dembinski has been arrested at Cracow, and is to be held as a hostage.

The cause of the previous delay of the Imperialists in commencing operations, is the fact of their plan of action having fallen into the hands of the Magyars. They, of course, must make out a new one—a work of great labor.

Haynau is quartered in Presburg, and is enacting another reign of terror. Not content with flogging the baroness Udevarnsky, for bearing despatches, he has hanged Baron Mednansky, and a Protestant clergyman, named Razga. The execution of the latter took place with the troops all ready for action, cannon loaded and ready for firing, in case of any disturbance. The excitement of the people is very great.

Gen. Guyon, an Irishman, has been appointed to the command of Comorn.

Bem is still in Transylvania, and Aulich is advancing into Croatia.

A thousand men marching to aid Jellachich, were attacked and blockaded in Schodra, by the Turks.

There is said to be a growing difficulty between Prussia and Austria.

Germany.

The insurrection in Baden has been put down.

The National Assembly, at Stuttgart, has been dispersed by force. It has lodged a civil complaint against the Wirttemberg Ministry, which is to be tried by the Court of Justice of Esslingen.

A part of the State Prisoners at Berlin, have been sentenced to imprisonment, and two or three acquitted.

Denmark.

There are again rumors of a truce.

DEATH OF CHARLES ALBERT.—The *Courier des Etats Unis*, announces that the Ex-King of Sardinia died in Portugal on the 9th of June. The latest English newspapers did not contain the intelligence, but stated that he was seriously ill.—He was seized soon after his arrival in Portugal, with a disease, not considered at first as alarming, but from which he did not recover.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The following account of Col. Ramsey, is from the *N. O. Picayune* :—

“Col. Ramsey has been engaged in explorations in the interior and on the coast of the Pacific.—His discoveries have attracted considerable attention in Mexico, as his encounters with the robbers were published in all the papers before his arrival in the city. So far as his geographical and geological researches have extended, he has made no secret of them; but his projects, in which it is known that the Government feels some interest, have not been discovered. With the present fever for speculation in this city, his descriptions have afforded food for conversation, and his charts, specimens and statistics have been examined with much interest. Some of his assertions are remarkable, and will cause a little surprise in the United States. His charts of portions of the country are unlike, in several important particulars, the European and American maps of Mexico. For instance, he declares that in the State of Puebla, the river Nasca, as it is called in the American, and Yoper in the European maps, does not exist. But that the streams which are encountered at the City of Puebla and Cholula, run south and parallel to near the meridian of Mescala, in the State of Mexico, when the Puebla stream turns to the west and receives the other which has passed Cholula, Atalisco and Matamoras. After these streams join, they form the Poleano river. This river still continues its course to the west through the State of Mexico and near to the city of Mescala. It has now been joined from other tributaries pouring in from the north and south, and changes its name to the Balzas. After meeting the Zacatula it pursues its course under that name into Michoacan, and receives the waters of the Rio Grande of the south, and bending to the south enters the Pacific at the point of Zacatula. As the boundary line is not correctly laid down on the maps published in the United States, a more careful description cannot be given.

As this statement is at variance with both the ancient and modern maps of Mexico, his chart is a curiosity. Here is a river almost as long as the Ohio, not laid down, and unknown in Europe and America.

His specimens of minerals are equally interesting and novel. In the valley of this river there seem to abound immense and valuable mines of gold, of silver, of copper (with 20 per cent. pure

gold), and cinnabar. The hill of loadstone, he says, was known at the time of the conquest, and he regrets that he had no time to visit the veins of tin and lead which were worked three hundred years ago in the northern portion of this interesting region.

But his discoveries do not stop with these minerals. His specimens of anthracite and bituminous coal will be attractive in the United States. In relation to this mineral it now seems, from his investigation, to be as abundant in Mexico as in Pennsylvania. Below the Atlantic range of mountains, at fifty miles from the coast, the anthracite coal fields are found, and on the Pacific side the bituminous are equally plentiful.

Whenever commerce requires these mines to be worked, they will be accessible from Vera Cruz and Acapulco; and on the Pacific side coal will not be more expensive than it is in New York.

A NEW PROJECT.—A company is now forming in the city of Mexico, composed principally, of Americans, merchants and others of enterprise, to transport California passengers from New-York and New-Orleans through Vera Cruz and Acapulco to San Francisco in fifty days. The stock required is estimated at \$300,000, and is nearly all taken. It is supposed that passengers with their baggage, can be carried for \$300.

The Mexican Congress has also reduced to one half the circulation and export duties on the precious metals. The circulation duty will henceforth be two per cent., and the export duty 3 per cent.

A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF CANADA.—The unusual attention bestowed by both Houses of the British Parliament upon their North American relations, together with the accounts we receive from Montreal and Toronto, and from casual private sources, induce us to believe that a crisis actually is approaching in the affairs of Canada and the Lower Provinces, which it will require great wisdom and no little nerve on the part of their rulers to determine advantageously for all concerned.—*Tribune*.

The Failure of Sir John Richardson's Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, is reported in letters from Hudson's Bay. It was at Fort Simpson on the 4th October, no trace of Franklin having been found.

DR. V. P. COOLIDGE.—In reference to the report that the body buried as that of Dr. Coolidge, had been disinterred and found to be that of another person, the Lime Rock (Thomaston) *Gazette*, says:

“We have good authority for pronouncing it utterly false! A letter has been received by the officers of the Prison, from North Livermore, the place where Coolidge's friends now reside, stating that the excitement in that town was so intense, that hundreds of citizens assembled for the purpose of disinterring the body; a committee of seven were chosen to examine it, among whom were two physicians intimately acquainted with the subject in his life-time, and they unanimously pronounced it that of Valorous P. Coolidge.

DEATH OF LITTLEJOHN.—The *Western Olive Branch*, published at Indianapolis, Indiana, states that Augustus Littlejohn, the celebrated Revivalist, recently died in the Ohio Penitentiary, whither he had been sent under the assumed name of Hamilton, but just previous to his death acknowledged that he was none other than Littlejohn, the Revivalist.

A FURTHER RESPITE FOR WOOD.—The Governor has granted a further respite for ten days to

Wood, who was to have been executed this morning, in the City Prison for the murder of his wife. This second reprieve we presume, may be considered tantamount to a commutation of the sentence.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GLEANINGS.

The Rev. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct., has accepted the invitation of the New England Society, of New York, to become their orator on the 22d of December next, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

The mere furnishing of the Revere House, now completed, has cost over \$125,000.

Father Mathew writes, that he expects to be in Boston on the 24th inst.

In the packet ship Plymouth Rock, which cleared at Boston, on Tuesday last, for Liverpool, twelve clergymen went out as delegates to the Peace Congress, which is soon to assemble at Paris.

Fifty thousand people went out to welcome Kossuth on his approach to Pesth.

The New Hampshire Legislature passed a law fixing the time for the execution of murderers, at one year after sentence.

Mrs. Madison, widow of the former President, died at Washington on the 9th inst., at an advanced age.

The expenses incurred in stopping the *Sauve Crevasse*, at New Orleans, exceeded \$80,000.

Louis Philippe, says the Democratic Pacific, when he read Louis Napoleon's message, exclaimed, "I am avenged."

There are 2,400,000 babies in the United States, per last census.

The Richmond (Ky.) Chronicle says:—"Col. C. M. Clay is still improving, and his physicians and friends entertain very little doubt of his recovery."

Col. C. A. May, U. S. A., who has been in command of the Carlisle Barracks for the last year and a half, has been ordered to Santa Fe.

A letter from Hamburg in the London Economist, states that Hanover is about to join the German Zollverein, or Customs' Union.

The Republic states, that it has received intelligence of the arrival of M. Ledru Rollin, in London.

Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., has been elected President of the Board of Directors of the Girard College, and R. F. Irwin was elected Prefect.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.—This distinguished emancipationist lies very dangerously ill at his residence in Michigan.

Queen Victoria has graciously announced her intention of being sponsor to the child of Lord and Lady Elgin, upon its baptism, and expressed a wish that it should be named Alexander Victor.

Thomas F. Marshall has taken the stump in favor of Emancipation in Kentucky.

Dr. Beecher is about to leave Cincinnati to take up a permanent residence in Boston.

Kossuth has appointed his sister general superintendent of the military hospital, and she has published an address, calling on all the ladies to lend their assistance in the work of charity.

Helen Faucit, it is said, will undoubtedly visit this country next fall. She will probably be accompanied by Mr. Paumier, an actor of high repute in the English provinces.

Hon. George M. Dallas has been chosen, and has consented, to pronounce the eulogium upon the life and character of the late President of the United States, James K. Polk, before the Democratic citizens of Philadelphia.

Educational.

English Vocal Elements.

"What are the vocal elements of our language," has come to be a mooted question among Orthographers and Orthoepists: not because they more than other classes of men are under obligation to investigate the subject, but because from the nature of their respective departments of science they have seen the importance of arriving at some definite conclusion, and have therefore given their attention more particularly to it. Though the human voice is capable of almost infinite variation in expressing different thoughts and emotions, yet, in the simple utterance of the eighty thousand words comprised in our language, it is restricted to a very few—so few as to surprise every one whose attention is called to their consideration for the first time. The child is filled with wonder when told that all the books in the world, contain only the *twenty-six* letters which he has just learned; and older minds may well be astonished at the fact, that English speech at the present day, comprises a number of elementary sounds but a little greater. The task of determining precisely their number, would appear, from the variety of opinions entertained, somewhat different. But I think this difficulty arises less from the abstruse nature of the subject itself, than from the inaccurate and imperfect analyses hitherto made. The fact that all estimates are so low, and so nearly agree, goes far to prove that the number cannot be great, and that the principles of distinction are measurably obvious. It cannot be that any class of objects, so common, and confessedly so few in number are not susceptible of *perfect* analysis and classification, while philosophers are able to distinguish and classify objects so innumerable in all other natural sciences. Were the number of simple sounds as great, or their character as wonderful, as the various effects of our feelings upon the voice, there would seem to be more real difficulty in the case; for the various shades of feeling could only be estimated by the mathematical combinations possible to all the minute fibers composing our physical system, multiplied by the number of such combinations possible to all their different kinds and degrees of action; and even this number would not allow for the infinite modifications resulting from the intangible laws of spirit; a number which can only be estimated when Physiology, after becoming perfected, shall have been sublimed away into Spirituology. But as it is, no such difficulty exists. The subject is a plain one; all the principles involved are perfectly tangible to a single sense, and the field of investigation circumscribed within very narrow limits. Two things only are essential to perfect accuracy. First, to divest sounds entirely of all *elocutionary* properties; so that pure, elementary sound alone shall be the subject of our investigation: Second, that we who investigate, should possess the power and skill necessary to discriminate between a *compound* and a *simple* sound.

Thus considered, different languages would be found to comprise many elements in common, and a few perhaps peculiar to each; by the comparison of which a list of distinct elements might be arranged, constituting the elements of human speech.—Let then each nation having a written language, begin at the root of the matter, and contribute its quota by a careful analysis of its own vocal elements: remembering that the only reliable standard is a perfect ear perfectly developed, listening to a perfect voice perfectly developed. Let the great

men of every nation rest from greater subjects long enough to shed the luster and sanction of their minds upon this: and then let the greatest number of the most intelligent who agree—after a careful and rigid analysis,—constitute proper authority.—Thus would be taken, what must eventually be the first requisite step toward a Universal Language for the family of Man, based upon simple, natural, universal principles. All men are endowed with one nature; all are called to investigate, to enjoy, and to communicate the same natural truths; why, then, in the name of those truths, ought they not to speak one Language? Why, in the name of the spirit of the nineteenth century, may they not, before the close of another century? What an incubus upon the universal promulgation of Truth, and upon the progress of civilization, is this perpetuity of Babal's confusion of tongues! Must the direful effects of that one presumptuous sin, forever rest upon mankind? By all the bright hopes that to-day cheer the hearts of Christians and Philanthropists, No! The doctrine of Universal *Brotherhood*, of Manhood's *Unity*, is fast gaining ground in different quarters of the earth. It appears as a beautiful bow of promise, spanning the world; the light of Divine truth reflected in the cloud of man's redeemable qualities; now manifested in Missionary societies, now in Temperance reform, now in anti-slavery movements, now in a World's Peace Congress, and continually, increasingly, and for ever, in the growing freedom, efficiency, and unity of *The World's Press*! The idea of One Language cannot long slumber! Interchange of thoughts and increasing facilities for communication—so many pulsations from Continent to Continent—are daily bringing different members of the great body back to contact and a healthy state of circulation. God in his own way and in his own time, is healing the nations: the means he uses act upon the supposition that the race is one body corporate, whose disease is strikingly exhibited in the estrangement of its parts from each other: all real reformers are his physicians; they have too long overlooked the *tongue* as the best index of symptoms; and they need not hope to effect a permanent cure, before this unfavorable symptom—the *fur of lingual confusion*—is entirely removed. The best step to take first in the accomplishment of that object, is to fix upon one list comprising one classification of vocal elements. Let each of these have its own invariable representative: let different alphabets be so framed as to form but different parts of the same whole; let all nations, even while they use only their respective parts, know what this whole is; let the same fusing and blending of languages, now in progress, continue until the world is in a marriageable state; and then after the series of preparations which seem indispensable to all great reforms, the lingual nuptials will be celebrated with great rejoicing!

Three questions should be immediately considered in every language:

1st. What are the vocal elements of our language?

2d. What is the Philosophy of their causes?

3d. How may they be best distinguished and classified.

These should be internationally discussed; and when settled, the alphabets thence resulting should be consolidated into one, which would thenceforth, —as languages blended—be gradually reduced to the single alphabet of human speech.

Come then, all ye interested in this subject! wait not for the tardy vehicle of successive authorship; but let us exercise a freeman's noblest prerogative, the liberty of the Press, engage at once the Peo-

ple's Voice and the People's Ear; and settle the matter in one language. The following is given as the opinion of one:

The English Vocal Elements are 27; arranged, to exhibit their distinctive features in similar combinations, as follows:

(The sounds to be uttered, not named.)

- 11 Pure Vowels: e, as heard in *peal*, *feel*.
 i, " " *pin*, *fin*.
 e, " " *pen*, *fell*.
 a, " " *pale*, *face*.
 a, " " *pan*, *fan*.
 a, " " *palm*, *far*, *what*,
 not, *father*.
 a, " " *pall*, *for*.
 o, " " *pole*, *fold*.
 o, " " *poor*, *fool*.
 u, " " *pull*, *full*, *wool*.
 u, " " *pun*, *fur*.
 2 Imperfect } i, " " *pine*, *fire*.
 Diphthongs } u, " " *prune*, *fuse*,
 1 Aspirate, h, " " *hymn*, *he*.
 1 Subvowel, *, " " } united with 8 other
 elements below.
 12 Articles, w, " " *in* *win*.
 y, " " *you*.
 r, " " *run*, *for*.
 l, " " *let*, *tell*.
 m, } natural in *most*,
 } aspirated in *post*, and
 } subvocal in *boast*.
 n, } natural in *name*,
 } aspirated in *tame*, and
 } subvocal in *dame*.
 ng, } natural in *long*,
 } aspirated in *lock*, and
 } subvocal in *log*.
 f, } always aspirated as in *fine*,
 } or subvocal as in *vine*.
 s, } always aspirated as in *scion*,
 } or subvocal as in *zion*.
 ch, } always aspirated as in *chew*,
 } or subvocal as in *Jew*.
 sh, } always aspirated as in *asher*,
 } or subvocal as in *azure*.
 th, } always aspirated as in *throw*,
 } or subvocal as in *thou*.
 Total, 27

Of these it is to be observed that the first 13 are so many different tones (not *musical*) of pure voice. The first 11 sounds may be prolonged indefinitely alone, which can be said of no others; hence they are called *Pure Vowels*. I and u lose their distinctive features, when prolonged; and seem measurably reducible to others of the first 11:—viz., i, to a and i; u, to e and o: as may be seen by uttering the latter elements one after the other, at first very slowly, then more and more rapidly until i and u are clearly distinguished. But as these are not readily and obviously reducible to others, they may be classed as elements, and called as above: bearing in mind that they are strictly the effects of *transition* merely. The 14th is only an emission of *breath*; and hence is called an Aspirate. The 15th has never before, to my knowledge, received a distinct consideration; though by the important office it serves in constituting the sole difference between 8 pairs of sounds, it seems justly entitled to the name of element. The next 7 are dependent upon *voice* in addition to the position of their respective organs:—the last 5 are equally dependent upon *breath* with position. The last 8 are peculiarly worthy of notice for their union with the Aspirate and Subvowel to form the Aspirated and Subvocal sounds, as heard in the words placed opposite, in the order of their formation.

If any one can produce a more philosophical analysis and classification, I for one, shall be happy to acknowledge its superiority. J.

REMARKS BY THE EDITORS.

We commend this article to the careful attention of our philological readers, as presenting an ingenious system in a happy manner, and having a tendency to awaken inquiry. At the same time, we are far from agreeing with the writer in all his positions. We had intended to notice the article critically, pointing out what we conceive to be its errors; but a pressure of business forces us to leave this task to some one of our readers, if we have any who combine taste and ability for it. We shall content ourselves, for the present, with protesting against the looseness which can attribute the same sound to a in *palm*, and *what*, and o in *not*; and to m in *most*, p in *post*, and b in *boast*.

APPOINTMENT OF TEACHER.—We learn that the managers of the Girard College have appointed Mr. Robt. Ivins, at present teacher in the Godfrey Public School, in Byberry, a teacher in that institution.

Agricultural.

From the New England Farmer.

The Raspberry.

The cultivation of the raspberry, in this country, is comparatively a new thing, and the subject receives but little attention; yet it is well worthy the regard of all who raise their own fruit, or raise for the market, in the vicinity of cities and towns. The raspberry will flourish on any good tillage in good condition for common farm crops. But the best soil is a deep sandy or gravelly loam, tolerably moist.

The stools or hills may be set about four feet apart each way; or, for convenience in culture, make the rows five feet apart, and the hills three feet in the rows. When the crop is off, the old canes or stalks should be cut away, and the new ones trained up to take their place. Then apply manure, and stir the soil thoroughly. This is a better preparation for a crop next year, than to let the old canes stand, and defer manuring till the next spring, as the new canes, on which will be the next crop, will be feeble for want of room and culture. It is a great mistake to defer manuring plants until it is almost time to look for the fruit.—The manure should be applied in season to give a stout growth, preparatory to a large crop. The farmer would fail of a crop of corn, should he neglect to manure till the stalks are nearly grown, and then look for large ears on small plants.

Among the most valuable kinds of raspberries, are the Franconia and Fastloff. They are both large and of excellent quality. The fruit of the Franconia is the firmer, and bears transportation well; therefore it is preferable for the market.—Fastloff is very tender, and some prefer the fruit on this account. As they ripen at different periods,—Fastloff, July 15 to 30; Franconia, July 25 to August 10,—they are, in this respect, well adapted for culture on the same lot, forming a succession.

These and other similar kinds, such as the Red and the White Antwerp, &c., need to have the canes bent down, and covered a few inches in earth, in fall, to save them from our severe winters. They are foreign varieties, and rather tender.

The American Black, or Black Thimbleberry, grows spontaneously in most parts of New England. It is vigorous, productive, and so hardy that

it needs no protection; and it is easily cultivated by keeping the soil rich and loose, and cutting out the old canes, after the crop is off. It will flourish on any soil. As it is hardy, it may be cultivated with much less attention than the other kinds.—The fruit is very good, but not equal to the red varieties, and, of course, it does not sell so well in the market.

The American White is like the Black in its habits. The fruit is not of so high a flavor, but it is sweet; and many children, and others who like sweet, luscious fruit, would prefer it. In its growth it is more luxuriant than the Black.

Raspberries are excellent and wholesome fruit, coming in during the heat of summer, soon after the strawberry, when such light, cool, refreshing fruits are highly acceptable. They are usually very salable, and with good luck,—which is often synonymous with good management,—they are very profitable. We have seen an acre, with the stools four feet apart each way, that produced over a quart to the hill, which is more than half a bushel to the rod, or eighty bushels to the acre. But this is a great crop. The usual price of raspberries in the Boston market is from twenty to thirty-seven and a half cents per quart, at retail.

Practical Education.

Much has been said, and more, perhaps, written, of late, upon the subject of an agricultural school. But, as yet, we have seen no plan proposed, which, to our mind, meets the wants of the public.

An agricultural school does not convey an idea of what we want; nor does an agricultural college convey any more definitely the true object to be gained.

It is conceded that our colleges and universities, so far as being of any practical use to the farmer or the mechanic, in the education of his son, are a total failure. The whole system is the relic of that age when education was only for the rich and noble of an older country. Men, in those days, were educated to be gentlemen; manual labor was a mark of servitude, and, as such, held to be without the pale of gentility. Those who followed it would not be tolerated among those higher and refined classes. The collegian rarely went from the plow or workshop, and more rarely went back to them.

Colleges have been, and are now, the seminaries for educating men for professions; and as such, they are probably well fitted to do their duty. In this state, they have been largely, in some instances prodigally, endowed.

It is, however, a lamentable fact, that there is not an institution in the Union, where a student can receive a thoroughly practical education—one that will prepare him for filling the duties of an American citizen, if taken from the farm or the workshop. The Military Academy, at West Point, is eminently practical, but it is only intended to teach the science of war, with all its kindred branches. It will make good soldiers or engineers; but it will not make good farmers or mechanics, though it is certain that a graduate there would be far better prepared for either than a graduate from any college in the Union.

We want, then, an institution that will be to the farmer and mechanic what West Point is to the soldier. While it fits him for the proper and understanding discharge of his duties as a citizen, it should also prepare him for the particular branch of business he is to follow through life. We would not educate him as farmer or mechanic, but we would so educate him that he could be either, and he could be so, too, understandingly.—*Wool Grower*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks:

From the *Chicopee Telegraph*.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort; to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the *Syracuse Journal*.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance.—W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the *Monthly Rose*, (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the *Lily*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the *Philadelphia Saturday Post*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the *Univercelum*.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

CLARK & BROTHER'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERRETYPE. Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.
J. M. CLARK,
June 7, 1849.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock,
and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which
are of the first quality and will be sold at
reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at
any hour of the day or night by competent persons.
Also at the above establishment, may at all times be
found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade.
Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly
for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very ex-
tensive assortment of

Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks,
Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of
Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and
Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York
prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby
saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where SILVER-WARE
of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic
and of SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and six-
teen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's
Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time
keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in
Stores of this kind.

WE wish it to be understood that we will not be
undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skillful work-
men.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the
Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are in-
vited to call and examine specimens of work
which will be warranted to compare favorably with
the best done in this State, and at prices within the
means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts,
or entire sets of Teeth on plate, that he will (in or-
der to obviate the inconvenience which people ex-
perience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months,
which is necessary before inserting the permanent
set), furnish them with a temporary set free from
expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

ANALYTICO MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 43, Second Street, BETWEEN STATE AND CONGRESS, TROY, N. Y.

R. J. WHITE, } ANALYTICAL PHYSICIANS.
H. TUBBS. }

This Institute is established for the Treatment of
all Diseases of the Fluids and Solids, Chronic or
Acute, upon Analytical Principles. Medical ad-
vice can at all times be obtained, either verbally
or by letter, (post paid.)

ALL ADVICE GRATUITOUS.

Music Store.

DICKINSON & ALLEN,

DEALERS IN

Music & Musical Instruments,
Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the
Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all war-
ranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth,
Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments,
Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other
approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books
for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a mu-
sic store should contain. Bands furnished at New York
prices.

Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

Physic & Surgery.

DR. THOMAS SPENCER,

Office over Major Dana's Store, corner Warren
and Canal Streets, Syracuse, N. Y.

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's
Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was fa-
vorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our litera-
ry, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edin-
burgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Black-
wood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political
Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid
descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the
contributions to Literature, History, and Common
Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Ex-
aminer*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and in-
dustrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and com-
prehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable
Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the
Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Ser-
vice*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin Univer-
sity*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*,
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admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath
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Corn, bu.....	50	Solar.....	1,75
Oats,28	Bag 20 lbs.....		10
Barley,44	" 28 ".....		14
Rye,50	Salt bbls.....		22
Potatoes,75	Flour.....		26
Potatoes (new) 1.50a2 00	Sheep Pelts.....		50a1,00
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Beans.....	75	Hard Wood cord.....	4,00
Apples.....	1,00	Soft Do.....	1,75a2,25
Dried Apples.....	75	Beef on foot.....	4,00a4,50
Butter, lb.....	12	Pork cwt.....	5,00a5,50
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May 12—1w

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